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AN

ANSWER

TO A

SCANDALOUS LIBEL,

ENTITLED,

The Impertinence and Impoſture of Modern Antiquaries diſplay'd:

Rustiens (P.)
K.

OR, A

Refutation of the Reverend Mr. *WISE*'s LETTER to Dr. *MEAD*, concerning the WHITE HORSE, and other ANTIQUITIES in *Berkſhire*.

Diſſerentium inter ſe Reprehenſiones non ſunt vituperandæ; maledicta, contumeliæ, tum iracundiæ, contentiones, concertationeſque in diſputando pertinaces, indigna mihi videri ſolent.

CICERO, de finibus Boni & Mali, Lib. 1.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

AN

ANSWER

TO A

SCANDALOUS LIBEL,

ENTITLED,

The Impertinence and Impoſture of Modern Antiquaries diſplay'd, &c.'

WHEN the Work of an Author of eſtabliſhed Reputation, receives an anonymous Anſwer, it may generally be concluded, that not his Arguments, but his Perſon is to be attacked: For, while we of this Nation enjoy Liberty, in every reſpect, to its full Extent; there can be no Reaſon, why any Man that diſſents from another, and deſigns to publiſh his Opinion to the World, ſhould conceal his Name; unleſs he is conſcious that his Arguments are weak and futile; or his chief Deſign is to abuſe, and throw Dirt from his Obſcurity with Safety.

Although I neither know Mr. *Wiſe*, nor am known to him, yet I cannot, without ſome Degree of Reſentment, ſee him ſo ſcurrilized, for giving his Opinion in the moſt unexceptionable and agreeable Manner, concerning a remarkable and diſputable Work of Antiquity. It is indeed, in a great meaſure, the common Cauſe of every Man of Letters: for if every one who offers his Thoughts to the Publick, muſt meet with ſuch indecent, abuſive Uſage, we ſhall ſoon loſe all manner of Improvement and Advantage from each other's Studies and Labours; the Preſs muſt ſoon become unemployed; and the unavoidable Conſequence will be, that we ſhall very ſoon ſink into incurious Indolence and Ignorance.

A little friendly Oppoſition is the Life of Converſation; and to canvaſs or oppoſe any publick Performance with Freedom and Decency, is certainly very far from being blameable: ſince it tends to the ſame end, as the firſt Publication, the Information of Mankind, and may hold out a Light to the more fully clearing the Point in queſtion. But when an Author is ſuppoſed to be miſtaken; to abuſe and defame him for it, to load him with all the indecent ſcurrilous Language [1] that can be raked together, is the meaneſt Employ of the ſplenetick, envious, abject Part of Mankind. To bring in Part of a Gentleman's Character, which can no ways belong to the Queſtion, only to abuſe it; to dreſs up the other Part out of their own ill-natured Imaginations, with Inſinuations equally malicious, as falſe and foreign, is what muſt always be looked upon, by the good and conſiderate Part of Mankind, with the utmoſt Deteſtation and Abhorrence.

Although, as I declared before, I do not know Mr. *Wiſe*, yet ſo much of the Scholar and Gentleman appears throughout his Piece, which is fallen ſo foul upon, that I think I may venture to ſay, had it been anſwered with good Manners and Civility, he would not have reſented, or been angry at it. Some Perſons are poſſeſs'd with a *maligna cura*, as *Tacitus* calls it; a great Care that their Neighbour's Reputation may not riſe too faſt. Something of this ſeems to appear in the Letter we now have under Conſideration: for, from the keen Reſentment and harſh ill-natured Expreſſions, with which it abounds; 'tis evident, that not

[1] *Scurrilis dicacitas magnopere fugienda eſt.* Tull. de Oratore Lib. 2.

not his pretended Regard for the Publick, but Mr. *Wiſe*'s Character in the learned World, firſt moved *Ruſticus* to become his Adverſary; with whom, 'tis to be feared, a good Reputation is as odious and criminal, as it was with the degenerate *Romans*, among whom the foregoing Hiſtorian ſays, *Non minus periculum ex magna fama, quam ex mala.*

It is not Mr. *Wiſe* alone, but all the modern Antiquaries are to feel the Weight of his Reſentment and avenging Pen. His Title-Page threatens entire Confuſion to them all indiſcriminately: *The Impertinence and Impoſture of modern Antiquaries diſplayed; or a Refutation of Mr.* Wiſe's *Letter to Dr.* Mead, *&c. Ruſticus* would have done well to have conſidered, before he wrote ſuch a threatening Title, whether the fulleſt Proof of the laſt Propoſition would have proved or inferred the former. Muſt all be condemned for one Man's Miſtake? Are all wrong, becauſe Mr. *Wiſe* is not right? After this way of arguing, he may drive every Study, and every Order and Profeſſion of Men out of the World. I muſt tell him, he is too haſty to be correct, and his Paſſion outruns his Memory; or elſe he might have thought on the Maxim he uſes, *p.* 8. *Syllogizari non eſt ex particulari,* i. e. *We cannot from a particular Inſtance form a general Concluſion.* How then can a Refutation of Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter prove or *diſplay the Impertinence and Impoſture of modern Antiquaries in general?*--- I think we might juſtly have expected his Reaſon, why the diſtinguiſhing Word *modern* is prefixed to Antiquaries. If, in preceding Ages, the Learned might ſtudy our Antiquities, and be eſteemed honeſt worthy Men, why not now? What have the Gentlemen of the preſent Age, who imitate them in theſe Studies, done to forfeit their Right to the ſame fair Character? I am confident, that for aught that appears in his Book (which is the only one that ever endeavoured to caſt any Reflection upon them) their Reputation in every Point, either for Abilities, or Aſſiduity and Honour in the uſe of them, is as fair, as that of any of their Predeceſſors. *Ruſticus* owns (as I ſhall more fully obſerve anon) in his 2d Page, that Mr. *Wiſe*'s Subject, which occaſioned all this, is not ſo trifling, as to make an Enquiry about it impertinent; and if he is miſtaken in his Opi-

nion of it, the Error (or Impoſture, as *Ruſticus* groſſly calls it) is chargeable on him alone.

This Letter of *Philalethes Ruſticus*, as the Author is pleaſed to call himſelf, is introduced to the Publick, for want of a Dedication, which muſt in ſome meaſure have diſcovered the ſcurrilous Author of it, by a long Preface to the Reader (being reſolv'd to let the World know he had a Friend, tho' he could not find a Patron) by the Gentleman, to whom the Letter was addreſſed. Which is a Matter of Fact, tho' of very little conſequence, yet very juſtly to be doubted: it being moſt probable, that the Preface and the Letter-writer are one and the ſame Perſon, from the Exactneſs of the Style in both, which is truly inimitable; the ſame Flow of Metaphors; the ſame favourite Expreſſions; and laſtly, from the Prefacer's Care to prevent a ſurreptitious and imperfect Edition, a Fondneſs for the ill-favoured Production, that no one could have for it, but its own proper Parent.

If we muſt ſuppoſe that they are two Perſons, and *that nothing was originally leſs intended than the Publication of it*, Pref. *p.* 1. the Prefacer was very unkind to his Friend, and guilty of a Breach of Friendſhip, in acting ſo contrary to his Intention: but he tells us, *the Fear of imperfect Copies and Abſtracts*, p. 5. of this valuable Work being taken, was the Reaſon of publiſhing it: If ſo, who ſuffered theſe Copies firſt to go abroad? If the Author; then 'tis plain he intended it to be no Secret: If the Prefacer, what Opinion muſt we have of him, after his owning ſuch a Breach of Faith and Friendſhip? Or who can truſt or believe him, when his Friend could not? The Caſe, in ſhort, ſeems to be thus: That he might appear a little modeſt at firſt, he tells the aukward Improbability, or rather a palpable Falſhood; or perhaps out of Antipathy to the Antiquaries, *who*[a], he tells us, *ſet out* (*as all Bites do*) *for Men of ſtrict Honour and Veracity:* he was reſolved to run the contrary way, and begin with a Story which no-body can believe.

How many Copies might be taken, I will not pretend to ſay; but if the Tranſcribers of it were as ſick, as all the Readers, I have met with, they could be but very few. And as for *Abſtracts:*

[a] Preface, *p.* 12.

ſtracts : for goodneſs ſake, what could any body abſtract or abridge in it? Not the argumentative Part; for that would have been moſt unmerciful to the Author, and uſeleſs to the Reader: For there is ſo little of that, and ſo hid in the dirt of ill Language, that now, in their original Size and Dimenſions, the Arguments are hard to be diſcovered. Had any of his Acquaintance given an imperfect Edition, by abſtracting or cutting off what is foreign to the Subject, or intended only by way of Abuſe, the Size and Price muſt have been greatly diminiſhed, and the Author indeed have loſt his Aim, but might have ſaved his Reputation. The Fear of its being reduced to half the Size, and conſequently half Price, was a cutting Conſideration; and therefore he was reſolved Dirt and all ſhould go to fill the Buſhel.

Φεῦ, δὺ ὀβολὼ ὡς μέγα δύνασθον παντα χῆ! ARISTOPH.

It is plain this was the Reaſon of its Publication; becauſe the Apprehenſion of an imperfect Copy is urged in the Preface, as *an Apology with the learned Gentlemen on the other ſide the Queſtion* (thank Heavens they are not all Fools) *for the Liberties of the Style*[3]. I am ſorry there is any Man, that ventures into Print, ſtands in need of being told, there can be no Apology for abuſive Words and ſcurrilous Language. If the Subject be ever ſo trifling, or ever ſo weakly maintained, yet Civility and Good Manners ought to be uſed in anſwering or refuting, and all perſonal Reflections ought carefully to be avoided; as what cannot ſtrengthen an Argument, and never does ſo much hurt (in the eſtimation of that Part of the World, whoſe Favour and Regard is to be valued) to the Perſon, on whom they are caſt; as to him that throws them. If the Prefacer had but ſuſpected, that the Style of the Letter needed any Apology; the kindeſt thing he could have done would have been to have made it more cleanly and decent: for it is much better to avoid wanting an Apology, than to aim at a bad one; and there can be no room to make one for a premeditated Offence. As to *Ruſticus* himſelf, I ſhall only obſerve, that 'tis plain he muſt be mightily in love with the Fault, that

[3] Preface, *p.* 4.

that he had rather force his Friend to ask pardon for it, than himſelf be innocent.

Suſpecting this Reaſon to be improbable, and therefore inſufficient, he offers another for its Publication; *the Benefit the Publick* may receive by it, *Pref.* 4. This alone, if true, would be a ſufficient Reaſon, and ought to be the principal one for every Publication. He goes on, [4] *as it will put well-meaning People on their guard againſt being thus impoſed upon hereafter.* But here an untoward Queſtion will ariſe; if the Deſign of Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter was of ſuch dangerous Conſequence, and needed ſuch a Preſervative againſt it; why did he ſuffer it to do miſchief ſo many Months, without Controul? Where was his Care and Zeal for the Publick, while his Refutation was creeping about obſcurely by Moon-light, in a few written Copies? How can he anſwer it to the Publick and his Conſcience, for keeping back this great Benefit and Preſervative ſo long?

After a preliminary Flouriſh of three Paragraphs, the Prefacer opens the dreadful Charge! ——— [5] *We have here a Detection clear as the Sun, of an Impoſture, I had almoſt ſaid, the moſt notorious and flagrant*, &c. A Perſon, who had read only this Sentence, and not Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter, what could he conceive this Impoſture could be? Something, to be ſure, worſe than the Impoſture at *Bern* in *Switzerland*; ſomething that impoſed as much Fallacy on the World, as ever the *French* Prophets, or *Mary Tofts* the Rabbit-Woman did; or gull'd more People out of their Money, than the S S Scheme. And what is it at laſt? *Quid dignum tanto!* Why, there is the Figure of an Horſe cut upon the Side of the Downs in *Berkſhire*, to the Extent of an Acre of Ground, which an ingenious Gentleman ſuppoſes to be formed by K. *Alfred*, in memory of a Victory over thoſe cruel Plunderers the *Danes*, in *A. D.* 871. And this ſame Gentleman has, in as beautiful a Style, as this Age has ſeen, given his Reaſon for his Opinion, in a Letter to Dr. *Mead*, Price 2 *s.* *Riſum teneatis!* A prodigious unpardonable Impoſition on the Publick! Acute Sir, pray inform us, what Damage has accrued to the Publick by this, or what great Emolument to Mr. *Wiſe?* The Nation is certainly as rich as it was before, no particular Perſon

[4] Pref. *p* 4. [5] Ibidem.

Perſon is injured by it; our Religion untouched; and, by the Silence of thoſe great Guardians of it the daily News-Writers, our Conſtitution is unhurt by it: And therefore, upon what account can you call it [6] *a wicked Performance*, [7] *and flagrant Impoſture?*

If *Ruſticus* ſhall ever think fit to appear in Print again, I call upon him to ſhew what *Engliſh* Author ever called an Eſſay of this kind *an Impoſture*. I ſuppoſe he thinks, that as he takes the Liberty of uſing Characters, as he pleaſes, he may do ſo with Words.

But behold the Inconſiſtency of this bombaſt Scribler! This *wicked Performance, this flagrant Impoſture*, he turns himſelf, the very next Sentence, into a [8] *Farce*; and then proceeds to name the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to have a fling at every one of them. He firſt calls the Author [9] *a Reverend Divine*, which was in order to abuſe him afterwards, for being ſuch: Then he names a *Phyſician*, who deſerves always to be mentioned with Honour; and, in order to render him ridiculous, it is ſurpriſing how many things his low metaphorical Genius likens him to: Firſt, he [1] *perches* him like a Pheaſant, then he is the Sun or Moon, not evident which, [2] *eclipſed by the officious Interpoſition of an opacous Body, in the Meridian of his Glory.*——The next Paragraph he makes him a Deity, [3] *bearing the fulſome Incenſe of an adulating Prieſt*, —— and at laſt he is *the* [4] Britiſh *Sun of Antiquity.*

The Prefacer is indeed ſo inadvertently civil, as to allow the Doctor to be [5] *only an Acceſſory rather than a Principal in the Plot*; (his Accuracy of Style and Variation of Expreſſions is worthy Obſervation, —— firſt 'tis an *Impoſture*, —— then a *Farce*, ——now a *Plot*) and a noble Peer, being afraid to meddle with, he is willing, he ſays, to omit; and ſo at laſt he has outdone Mr. *Bayes*, and cook'd up a Farce, with only one Perſon in it.——A terrible Plot, and but one Plotter.

He is forced afterwards to compliment the Doctor, in order to abuſe Mr. *Wiſe*, by telling him, *he has a great deal to anſwer for, as 'tis the great Reputation he has attained to, that has*

[6] Pref. *p.* 5. [7] Ibid. *p.* 4. [8] Ibid. [9] Ibid. [1] Ibid. [2] Ibid. *p.* 6. [3] Ibid. *p.* 5. [4] Ibid. *p.* 7. [5] Ibid. *p.* 5.

has given Vogue and Credit to the Impoſition [6]. Here again he ſtrives to be ſo witty and malicious, that he loſes his Memory; for his other dear ſelf ſays, that 'tis on account of *its* [7] *elegant and elevated Style, that it is more particularly celebrated, and bears the bell in our Seats of Learning*; and we may conclude, that what recommends it there is the ſame, that has given it Vogue and Credit with competent Judges elſewhere.

He cloſes the Paragraph with this Sentence: *What an Opinion muſt Foreigners have of the preſent State of Knowledge amongſt us, when one, who is confeſſedly at the head of it, has given Countenance and Patronage to ſuch a weak, not to ſay wicked Performance* [8]? A Sentence, that I read with a juſt Deteſtation of the Writer of it: For with what Juſtice, or for what Reaſon, can he call it *a wicked Performance?* An Expreſſion ſo indecent and injurious, ſo incapable of any ſoftening, that it ought never to be uſed but with the greateſt Caution, and on the ſtrongeſt Proof. Whereas neither the Deſign of Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter, nor any thing advanced in it, can fall within the Verge of ſuch a Meaning? Has he expoſed any ſacred Truth? Does his Letter tend either to leſſen or add to them? Does it injure any Perſon, (as *Ruſticus*'s Letter evidently endeavours to do) in Property or Reputation? None of theſe in the moſt diſtant manner: What then can make it wicked? Has *Ruſticus* produced one Argument to ſupport or prove this heavy and injurious Charge? No, not one. He has indeed, in many Places, endeavoured to repreſent the Subject of Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter, as trifling; and his Arguments, as weak and inconcluſive: But this is far from proving it a wicked Performance. Here let him recollect the Conſequence of his raſh Expreſſion; if the Deſign and Performance be wicked, then the noble Peer, who was concerned as well as the Doctor in encouraging it, muſt, by unavoidable Conſequence, be equally wicked in ſo doing; which is a Reflection ſo vile and ſcandalous, as deſerves the ſevereſt Animadverſion.

After ſuch Behaviour as this, with what Face can he ſay in the next Page,— [9] *but I forbear in Compaſſion to ſo great a Man?* What has he forbore? How can he poſſibly be more ſcurrilous? His Compaſſion

[6] ef. *p.* 5. [7] etter, *p.* 11. [8] Pref, *p.* 5. [9] Ibid.

Compaſſion is equally ridiculous and needleſs; for as long as an extenſive Learning of every kind, a profound Skill in his Profeſſion, with great Humanity and Charity in the Exerciſe of it, ſhall have any Title to the Reſpect and Reverence of Mankind; ſo long will that great Phyſician be eſteemed, beloved, and honoured.

When he has railed enough, as he thinks, againſt Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter, to make the Publick condemn it without any further Inquiry or Conſideration, and made uſe of all the reproachful Expreſſions he can invent againſt Dr. *Mead*, for giving countenance and vogue to it, he would ſeem to relax a little of his Severity, as if he was not all over ſatirical, and give himſelf an Excuſe for what he had before cenſured.

The beſt Excuſe, I can think the Caſe will admit, is, That the Doctor never read the Letter addreſs'd to him, at leaſt before it was in Print. Who would imagine there was any Ill-nature couched in this, which expreſſes what has been confeſſedly many a Patron's Caſe, and might more eaſily, more pardonably be his, whoſe, almoſt every Hour, is engaged in the higheſt Services to Mankind? The next Sentence ſhews, he is of ſo ungenerous and malignant a Diſpoſition, that he tries to make his Excuſes as bitter as his Reproaches, and that the Intent of his *officious Interpoſition* was only to endeavour to make more room for Reflections. *But then, alas! the ill-natured Age we live in, I fear, would be apt to ask, —— if he never read it, how came it to have the Sanction of his Patronage?* The Age we live in, Mr. Prefacer, is not ſo ill-natured as you would repreſent it. Succeeding ones indeed would entertain no advantageous Thoughts of it, were they to take their Opinion from ſuch Performances as your's, which might make them think that ſome ſarcaſtical Genius was the reigning one of the Times: but the Happineſs is, that what can boaſt no better Diſtinction or Recommendation cannot ſurvive long, but muſt ſoon ſink into Contempt and Oblivion. I will, only to oblige you, ſuppoſe the Doctor did not give Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter a previous Reading; and no Conſequence will follow, but what muſt greatly redound to the Honour of both thoſe Gentlemen. The one had before confirmed the general Opinion the World conceived of his Learning,

by two very ingenious, though ſmall Diſſertations: and that was ſufficient to induce the other, as a moſt generous Encourager of Learning, to contribute what he did to the Improvement of the Letter, and the illuſtrating the Subject of it.

Thus we may account for his own Suppoſition, and may now aſſume his own Words. *But why, will ſome one ſay, ſhould I be ſo ſollicitous for Mitigations?* ſince in every view there is no need for any.

The ſame profound Prefacer would inſinuate, that what Mr. *Wiſe* ſays of Dr. *Mead*, muſt be a Detraction from the Character *of* Moſes, *and a Reflection on the ſacred* Hiſtorian; [1] *that he has been long-ſince thoroughly verſed in all the Learning of all other Nations: Whereas*, ſays he, *Holy Writ tells us of* Moſes, *that he was learned in all the Wiſdom of the* Egyptians. Poor ignorant Man, if he had known any thing of the State of Learning at that time, he muſt have been convinced, that that Sentence concerning *Moſes*, expreſs'd all that could be ſaid of a Man: for all the Learning in the World then centred in [2] *Egypt*, and was afterward fetched from thence into *Græcia*, and ſo propagated into *Italy*. If he had known this, he might have ſpared the malicious Conſequence he tries to draw from a Compariſon of the Expreſſions.

The Prefacer's anticipating Mr. *Wiſe*'s greater Work, yet to publiſh, with thoſe Flings of Ill-nature, is an undeniable Proof, that Spleen and Envy were the ſole Motives of his Writing; for nothing elſe could move him to attack a Work, which he can know nothing of, but the publick Propoſals.

He ſays, Coins and Medals are [3] *a Subject not of the cleareſt Reputation.* If ſo; if 'tis ſo eaſy to be attacked, and ſo hard to be defended; why did you not firſt of all fall upon the ſame Author's Diſſertation, *De Abgari Nummo?* No, thank ye, quoth the Prefacer, not ſo raſh in my Anger neither; for I doubt I have not Learning enough to manage it, but ſhould break my Teeth in nibbling at it. What is wrote in *Engliſh*, I can make a ſhift to ſay ſomething againſt.

He

[1] Pref. *p.* 8. [2] Vide Herodot. lib. 2. paſſim, & Diod. Sicul. lib. 1. Cicero de Acad. Quæſt. lib. 1. & Tuſc. Quæſt. lib. 1. ad initium. [3] Pref. *p.* 9.

He ſays, [1] *Our Divine taxes the* Saxons *and others with a Religious Sort of Veneration for white Horſes; and yet I very much queſtion if himſelf does not* ADORE *what he ſuppoſes to be only the Image of one of them, to an equal Degree of Superſtition; in his own Language 'tis a venerable Remain,* i. e. *Relick.*

His ſaying Mr. *Wiſe taxes* the *Saxons*, &c. gives a ſhrewd Suſpicion, that he was not able to read thoſe Authors in the Original, whom Mr. *Wiſe* quotes upon that occaſion; for as that Point is evident beyond Exception, from *Tacitus* and other Hiſtorians, why ſhould he uſe a Word, which ſeems deſigned to expreſs the Charge of a Falſity or unjuſt Accuſation againſt them? And why does he ſuffer his ſplenetick abuſive Temper ſo far to get the aſcendancy over his Reaſon, and ſo far to tranſgreſs all Bounds of Probability and Decency; as [2] *to queſtion if Mr.* Wiſe *does not adore what he ſuppoſes to be only the Image of a white Horſe, to an equal Degree of Superſtition?* Becauſe the word *Remain* carried an innocenr Meaning, by an *id eſt*; and a Figure, he frequently uſes, called Nonſenſe, he makes it to mean a *Relick.* But this is not the only Inſtance in which he tortures and diſtorts Words, and where his ill-natured Invention, like *Procruſtes*'s Engine, either racks them out, or cramps them into his own Meaning.

Perhaps his ſubſtituting the word *Relick* for *Remain*, might be to introduce and enliven the next Sentence. [3] *And I do not at all doubt, but a certain Society has as much Regard for a ſuppoſititious Head of* Homer, *now in poſſeſſion of their Patron, as any Convent abroad has for that of* John *the* Baptiſt.

His Modeſty and Aſſurance are ſtrangely blended together, otherwiſe he need not, after ſuch bold Strokes, have ſcrupled to ſpeak out what Society he meant, and whom he calls the Patron of it. If he ſuppoſes, that every body does not know whom he ſpeaks of, one of his favourite Sentences is quite loſt.

In what Senſe he uſes the word *ſuppoſititious*, is not eaſy to ſay; here really wants an *id eſt*, much more than there did two Lines before. If he means according to the natural and uſual Senſe of the Word, that it is not a Head of *Homer*, but falſely

 ſuppoſed

[1] Pref. *p.* 14. [2] Ibid. *p.* 14. [3] Ibid. *p.* 15.

ſuppoſed to be ſuch, he would have been kind to the learned World, and have got more Reputation than he has by his Preface, to have informed them whoſe Head it is: It would have ſhewn diſtinguiſhed Learning and critical Judgment, to have rectified a Miſtake, in which the *Literati*, both Foreign and *Engliſh*, are ſo unanimous.

But does he mean that it is ſuppoſititious in reſpect to its Antiquity, that it is a modern Work, and not an antique? To ſuch an Imagination no Anſwer is due; becauſe 'tis undeniable he has not ſeen it, or talks of that which he has no Taſte or Apprehenſion of. Yet I will deny no Satisfaction I can give to this captious Writer. It is well known through whoſe hands it came out of the famous *Arundelian* Collection, which was amaſſed together by that noble Earl, at a vaſt Expence, out of *Italy* and *Turkey*: and there is a remarkable Circumſtance concerning it, which ſpeaks plainly what Regard that learned judicious Nobleman (who knew whence he had it, and therefore could not but know the Value of it) had for it; that in a fine Picture of him, done by *Van Dyke*, this Head, as a moſt favourite Piece (to ſpeak to After-Ages he was an Antiquary) is repreſented by him.

Any further Particulars concerning it he may inform himſelf of by the Print of it, which is in the hands of the Curious.

He begins his next Paragraph thus —— [1] *So great an Affinity there is betwixt the Relick-monger and the Antiquary.* I am confident, he is the firſt Perſon that ever diſcover'd this Affinity; for they are as alike, and as nearly allied to each other, as Truth to Falſhood, as Learning to Ignorance. [2] 'Tis ſo far from being *the ſame Genius operating under different Circumſtances*; that had every Age been ſo happy as to have ſome Antiquaries; there could have been no Relick-mongers, in the Senſe he means, nor any Popiſh Legendaries: becauſe they would have found an utter Impoſſibility of dreſſing up their Inventions ſo, as not to have been diſcovered; or have delivered to future Ages, as authentick, what the then preſent would have known how to have detected and expoſed. The numerous Relicks, which every-where formerly abounded, let me tell him, were the Produce of dark illiterate Ages; when the World was ſo ignorant of any Circumſtances

[1] Pref. p. 15. [2] Ibid.

ſtances of former Times, that a bold enterpriſing Knave could obtrude any thing upon their Ignorance and Credulity: and 'tis remarkable their *Aurea Legenda* began to be bluſh'd at, and diſown'd by tnat very Church which hatched them, when Antiquaries had cleared up the Hiſtory of thoſe Times they were fathered upon, and thereby laid open thoſe Inconſiſtencies and Diſcoveries, which before were not only ſwallowed down without Examination, but even eſteemed ſacred.

His mentioning the Life of *Winifred*, puts into my hands at once an Opportunity both of expoſing his Folly, and (if he is not paſt Reproof) informing his Underſtanding: for he cannot read that Edition of it, with Notes by that learned Antiquary, and pious Biſhop, Dr. *Fleetwood*, without being thoroughly ſenſible of the Difference he could not find out before. In that Piece, ſo well known, and ſo deſervedly admired, is ſet in a glaring Light the wide Difference between the Legend-writer or Relick-monger, and the Antiquary; and it cannot but convince every conſiderate Perſon of what Service the Study of Antiquities is to diſcover thoſe impious Frauds, which contributed to keep Mankind ſo long under the moſt deplorable Bondage.

The Legend of *Winifred* was never credible to Men of Learning; but in the Light that learned Perſon has ſet it, that Man muſt impiouſly ſhut his eyes againſt Conviction, and contemptuouſly refuſe to make uſe of that Reaſon, which God gave him to prove all things, who can now believe it. The Service, which 'tis to be believed that Piece has done to the Cauſe of Truth, could never have been performed by his Lordſhip, unleſs he had been as able an Antiquary, as he was a zealous Proteſtant.

And here I muſt take leave to obſerve, that when ſuch a one as Biſhop *Fleetwood*, (amidſt thoſe numerous Duties of his Office, which he ſo amiably diſcharged to the Pleaſure and Admiration of all who knew him) thought the Study of Antiquities neither unworthy his Regard, nor inconſiſtent with his Character; and has proved, that ſuch Knowledge may be ſerviceable to the beſt of Purpoſes; that Conſideration alone ought to have protected the Name of Antiquary from ſuch Calumny and Abuſe.

It would be needleſs, and like holding a Candle to the Sun, to cite any more Inſtances to prove that there is ſo far from being

ing an Affinity, that there is a direct Oppoſition and Contention between the Relick-monger and the Antiquary: but I will mention two more, becauſe they are from Authors, which I am confident the Prefacer will not except againſt, *viz. The Supplement to Biſhop* Burnet's *Letters*, p. 101. *ad imum*; and Dr. *Middleton*'s Letter from *Rome*, p. 31. and Page 40. from *Mabillon, Itin. Italic.* p. 145. He goes on thus: —— [1] *No wonder therefore that there ſhould be Proteſtant, as well as Popiſh Legendaries: One plain Inſtance we have in the Caſe now before us.* I always underſtood Popiſh Legends to be fictitious, wonderful Stories of their Saints, invented and deſigned to ſupport and increaſe the Power of the Church, the grand Deſign that was to be carried on, *quocunque modo rem*, or as one of their Writers, upon that Head, expreſſes it, *ſive per veritatem, ſive per occaſionem.* According to this uſual Acceptation of the Words, Mr. *Wiſe*'s Letter concerning the white Horſe, is no more like a Legend, than an Apple is like an Oyſter; he does not make the Horſe St. *Bucephalus*, as I can find, neither does he ſurprize us with any thing of the Wonderful, as the Legend does of St. *Denis*; how, when his Head was cut off, he took it up, and carried it up the Hill: but all he endeavours is, to give a probable hiſtorical Account, how that large, remarkable antique Work came to be formed.

The following Sentence very much wants the Author's Explanation. —— [2] *And tho' 'tis true that moſt of our Monaſteries have been long ſince ſuppreſſed, yet does the genuine Spirit of Monkery ſtill ſubſiſt in thoſe that remain.* I wiſh the Prefacer had more fully explained what he here means, or aims at, that he might not have ſubjected his Readers, either to miſtake his Meaning, or form hard Judgments of his Intention. I declare, for my part, I hope I am miſtaken; for I would much rather be guilty of a Miſtake, than have reaſon to ſuſpect, that there is any one Perſon in the World has ſo little Regard for Learning or Religion, as, in the moſt diſtant manner, to wiſh or aim at the Deſtruction of thoſe Nurſeries of Learning, which are the Honour and Happineſs of our Nation. My Suſpicion of him ſeems to receive too much Confirmation from an Expreſſion of his, *Pref.* p. 5. where he calls Mr. *Wiſe*, [3] *a Monkiſh Academick.* If

[1] Pref. *p.* 15. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

If this be his Intention, he loſt nothing by not ſpeaking plainer; for it could ſcarcely have gain'd credit to him, or Admirers to his Opinions; and I hope, and may be confident, that as long as this Nation ſhall be ſo happy, as to know the Advantage of true Learning, (which the diſmal Effects of the want of it for ſo many Centuries cannot but make Men ſenſible of) ſo long will the Univerſities be reſpected, encouraged and ſupported.

Surely it muſt be look'd upon as a very odd Proof of Loyalty and Reſpect for the preſent Royal Family, in a Man that boaſts ſo much of it, to throw out ſuch Flings of Ill-nature and Malice againſt thoſe learned Foundations, that have been honoured with ſo many particular Marks of his preſent Majeſty's, and his Royal Father's Favour and Regard.

The Sentence we now have under Conſideration, naturally recalls to my Mind ſome Lines in that ſmart Satire, call'd, *The Man of Taſte:* which, when I firſt read, I look'd upon, I confeſs, as rather too fictitious, and ſavouring too ſtrongly of the *Licentia Poetica:* but our Prefacer has proved, that there is no Part of a Character ſo ridiculous, that Poets can form, but there is ſome Wretch void enough of Senſe and Honeſty to prove it real.

Thoſe Schools which Univerſities they call,
'Twere well for England, *were there none at all.*
With Eaſe that Loſs the Nation might ſuſtain,
Supply'd by Goodman's-Fields *and* Drury-lane.
Oxford *and* Cambridge *are not worth one Farthing,*
Compar'd to Hay-market *and* Convent-Garden.

Both in the Preface and the Letter, he often laments the preſent Way of Academical Education, and that the Antiquaries have inſinuated themſelves into the good Graces of our young Nobility; and gives ſome Hints of another Method he could point out, which he need not be at the trouble of farther enlarging upon; for, I believe, the above quoted Lines will ſufficiently ſupply his Meaning.

To my prodigious Surprize, the Prefacer at laſt owns, that the Antiquaries are not all *Bites and Impoſtors*; for he declares

clares, [1] *no Man living has a greater Regard than myſelf for all truly judicious, and honeſt Antiquaries, who give a rational Pleaſure to Mankind, and do an Honour to their Profeſſion.* The Title-Page made them all alike *impertinent* and *Impoſtors*; but thank Heavens! here are ſome excepted. I ſhall not quarrel with him about the Impropriety of his Expreſſion, in calling the Study of Antiquities a *Profeſſion*; nor, for more ignorantly, in the next Sentence, calling thoſe Gentlemen, who delight in thoſe Studies, a *Sect:* for as this is the only kind, or indeed fair thing he has ſaid, I will not be ſo diſobliging as not to allow him his own way of expreſſing it.

He tells us, inadvertently I believe, that 'tis [2] a *growing Sect*; which cannot but include a Compliment he ſcarcely deſigned: for in this Age, when the oldeſt Truths muſt be new canvaſs'd; and there is no Bigotry (unleſs obſtinate groundleſs Scepticiſm may be called ſuch) when Learning abounds even to Wantonneſs; it is impoſſible, that a Sect, which has been of ſo long continuance, as old as the Reformation itſelf, ſhould be *a growing* one; if all their Studies and Diſcoveries were nothing but impertinent, and themſelves none but *Impoſtors*.

A Man muſt be ſtrangely partial to his own Times, and equally ignorant of all Hiſtory of the former; to imagine, that there is nothing in Antiquity, that deſerves our Inquiry: that the preſent Age is ſo much wiſer than all the preceding ones, or that they had no Examples worthy of Praiſe and Imitation. The Exactneſs and tedious Nicety, with which the *Grecian* and *Roman* Hiſtories and Antiquities are ſearched into, ſeems to argue that the general Senſe of Mankind does not determine ſo ſtrongly againſt Antiquity: But by a Folly which ſeems peculiar to ourſelves, (not copied I am ſure from the *Romans*) not a little diſadvantageous and ridiculous, we value every thing foreign, and overlook every thing great at home [3]. Elſe why ſhould any Man imagine, that during the many Struggles for Liberty, ſo frequent in

[1] Pref. *p.* 15. ad imum. [2] Ibid.

[3] Si peregrinarum gentium origines & præclara facinora, ſumma cura & ſolicitudine, ſumma etiam cum voluptate & utilitate legantur, fieri non poteſt quin propriæ gentis hiſtoria uberrimam tum voluptatem tum utilitatem ſingulis ſit allatura; niſi quis forte res alienas, magis quam domeſticas propriaſque curet, atque ſcire deſideret; ſitque Lamiis ſimilis, quas foris oculatas fuiſſe aiunt & cæcas domi.

SHERINGHAM *de gentis Anglor. origine, ad finem Præfat.*

in this Nation, we have not had our own Heroes, who only wanted better Pens to be remembred with as much, and deſerved Honour, as the moſt ſhining in the *Roman* Hiſtories. Being placed up the *Tybur* or the *Po*, could not make them greater in reality, or in any wiſe Man's Eſteem, than thoſe who fought *pro aris & focis*, upon the Banks of *Thames*, or *Severn*: And I very much queſtion whether the Character of any Hero in the *Roman* Hiſtory, or Lawgiver in the *Grecian*, when ſtript of its Poetical or Rhetorical Ornaments, and ſet forth in as ſimple unadorned manner, as the Life of *Alfred* by our Hiſtorians, is more truly great; either viewing him in his unwearied Defence of his native Country, in his own virtuous Example, or reforming, improving, and ſtrengthning by every Art, a People ſinking apace into Sloth, Vice and Slavery.

Had that Monarch left us no other Proof of his great Soul, but that of making his Subjects ſenſible wherein their true Strength and Defence was placed, and making that their Bulwark which would otherwiſe be their Priſon, by teaching them the uſe of Ships, (a Piece of Wiſdom which the greateſt and wiſeſt of his Succeſſors have thought it their greateſt Glory to imitate and improve) that alone ſure is enough to recommend his Name to Poſterity, and make it dear to every *Engliſhman*. However I might incur the Laughter of *Ruſticus* for it, I am not aſhamed to confeſs, that had we any Monument of that King's naval Victories, (the firſt of that kind this Nation can boaſt of) I would go further to ſee it, and view it with more Pleaſure and Regard, than the *Columna Roſtrata* of *Duilius*, in the *Campidoglio* at *Rome*.

The Antiquities of our native Country ought to be more regarded and inquired after than foreign ones, as they more nearly concern and relate to us; and the Life of one of our own Heroes ſeems more likely, to improve and inſpire our young Gentry, than thoſe of other Nations. Did not the early Impreſſions we receive at School, prejudice in favour of the *Romans*, and make us think *Italy* the only Parent of Heroes; there could be no Reaſon aſſigned, why the Life of *Alfred* might not be read with greater Improvement, than that of a *Numa*, a *Fabius*, or a *Cato*.

The wiſe *Romans* learn'd the riſing Generation Virtue and Bravery, from the Hiſtory and Examples of their Anceſtors; to what other end were all their [1] *Imagines Majorum*, (before they had any Hiſtorians) ſo religiouſly continued and preſerved? And though they were ſo careful to preſerve the Memory of their own Heroes; it was very late before they were acquainted with the Hiſtory of other Nations. Agreeable to the Practice of the *Romans*, Sir *John Spelman* thought the Hiſtory of our own King *Alfred* moſt likely to inſpire a ſucceeding Prince with Virtue and Bravery; and eſteem'd it not only worthy his Pen, but the Imitation likewiſe of that great Hopes of *Britain*, for whoſe immediate Uſe and Improvement he wrote it, and to whom he dedicated it.

And can an Attempt to recover a Monument of that great Monarch be ſuch a Crime? Can we be too curious in retrieving the Hiſtory of any remarkable Action of one, whom the *Romans* would have adorned with the higheſt Honours, and to whoſe Wiſdom even the preſent Age is indebted for its Strength and Glory? Do Gentlemen deſerve ſuch opprobrious Names, as *Bites* [2], *Impertinent Impoſtors*, if, by way of Relaxation from their ſeverer Studies, they entertain us with ſuch Eſſays? Or ought ſuch Performances to be entitled [3] *flagrant Impoſtures*, [4] *wicked Performances*, —— [5] *or inſolent Attempts on the Underſtanding of the Curious?* If young Gentlemen were to be taken from the Care of Antiquaries, as Perſons who may give their Thoughts and Studies a wrong Turn, and put for Education to thoſe who can uſe ſuch Language; 'tis not likely they could improve in good Learning, any more than they could in good Manners, for the latter always naturally flow as genuine Effects from the former.

And now let us proceed to the Letter itſelf, which *Ruſticus* begins by declaring, [6] *he is no profeſt Antiquary, nor ever deſigns*

[1] Sæpe audivi Q. Maxumum & P. Scipionem præterea civitatis noſtræ præclaros viros ſolitos ita dicere; cum majorum imagines intuerentur vehementiſſime ſibi animum ad virtutem accendi. Scilicet non ceram illam, neque figuram tantam vim in ſeſe habere; ſed memoria rerum geſtarum eam flammam egregiis viris in pectore creſcere, neque prius ſedari, quam virtus eorum famam atque gloriam adæquaverit.

SALLUST. *de Bell. Jugur.* p. 49. *Edit. Elz.*

[2] Title-Page. [3] Pref. *p.* 4. [4] Ibid. *p.* 5. [5] Ibid. *p.* 16. [6] Letter, *p.* 1.

ſigns to be ſo. A very needleſs Declaration indeed! for who could ever ſuſpect, that he is one of thoſe ſad Creatures, thoſe *impertinent Impoſtors*, he and his Coadjutor is ſo bitterly inveighing againſt: Though 'tis undeniably true, yet his Letter would have ſatisfied us better of it, than his Word. But ſuppoſing, after this Confeſſion, any one ſhould ſay, How then can you pretend to ſet up for a Judge, and a Critick, in thoſe Subjects, the Study of which you diſclaim? Why, to be ſure, the Gentleman was born a Connoiſſeur and a Critick, for he tells us, he *has what perhaps* [1] *may be call'd ſome Taſte for Matters of that Nature*; this is talking like a Man of Taſte, who ſays,

——— [2] *All Sciences I ſcorn,*
Pains I abhor, I was a Poet born.

Subſtitute the word Antiquary, or rather Critick, and we have a natural Deſcription of our Letter-writer.

The very next Sentence ſays, [3] *'Tis more particularly a very ſenſible Pleaſure to me at all times, to hear of any Diſcoveries this way in our Country, by which the Tranſactions, Manners or Cuſtoms of our Anceſtors may be illuſtrated.* As it is the profeſt Study and View of Antiquaries to make ſuch Diſcoveries, and the Gentlemen of the preſent Age have undeniably made more and greater ones, than have been made in any one preceding Age; and ſeveral of the chief of them, Perſons of great Abilities and Fortunes, have form'd themſelves into a Society for that purpoſe; have rais'd a Fund with deſign to preſerve and perpetuate any remarkable Piece of Antiquity, ready to fall the Prey of Time, and ſink into Oblivion; how can *Ruſticus* pretend to brand any of them with ſuch reproachful injurious Expreſſions, unleſs he had beyond Contradiction ſhewn, that they had deviated from their profeſt Deſign; or had, in ſome unwarrantable manner, endeavoured to impoſe upon, and deceive?

I wiſh *Ruſticus* would conſider how irreconcileable this laſt Sentence is, to what he advances in the firſt Part of his Title-Page, and is interſperſed throughout the whole Preface; for how can the Study of Antiquities, and ſuch Diſcoveries deſerve Approbation,

[1] Letter, *p.* 1. [2] Man of Taſte, *p.* 7. [3] Letter, *p.* 1.

probation, and the Antiquaries, to whom alone they can be owing, deſerve the worſt of Names? This plainly ſhews how little formidable he is; for who can deſire an eaſier Adverſary to deal with than ſuch a one, who, when he ſpeaks againſt us, oppoſes evident Truth; when he ſpeaks for us, contradicts himſelf.

He has thought fit to ſpeak favourably, in the foregoing Sentence, of the Study of Antiquity, which was far from ſtanding in need of the Sanction of his Approbation; for, to the Study of Antiquity, I will venture to aſſert, we owe almoſt every Art, and every publick Bleſſing, we poſſeſs. What were our firſt great Maſters of Painting, Statuary, *&c.* but ſtudious Imitators of the Ancients? By a ſtrong Emulation to equal them in every Art, we have been ſo happy as to excel them in a few.—Then as to publick Bleſſings: To the Study of Eccleſiaſtical Antiquity, we owe the Purity of the Proteſtant Religion—to the Study of Hiſtorical Antiquity, we owe our Knowledge of the Riſe and Progreſs of our happy Conſtitution; how much Blood our Liberties coſt before they were well defined and eſtabliſhed; how bravely they have been often defended; and therefore how well they deſerve our tendereſt Regard. Nothing contributed more to the Spiritual and Civil Bondage of former Ages, than their being ignorant of what their Anceſtors in wiſer and better Times believed and enjoyed.

His next Sentence begins thus—[1] *The publick Advertiſement therefore of a Letter from the Revd. Mr.* Wiſe *to Dr.* Mead, *concerning ſome Antiquities in* Berkſhire, *and—you will eaſily imagine was to me a very acceptable Piece of News.* If theſe Words have any Meaning in them, and any Connection with the foregoing Sentence, 'tis plain, that *Ruſticus* confeſſes this Piece of Antiquity was worthy the Enquiry of a Lover of Antiquities, to clear up the Hiſtory of it. The great Reſentment therefore, before and after expreſs'd, muſt be againſt Mr. *Wiſe*'s Arguments and Method of treating it, or againſt his Perſon. As for the Manner in which he has treated the Subject, I am ſure, 'tis like a Gentleman. His Style is innocent and beautiful; his Arguments fair and plain, and enforced like a Scholar; ſo that in ſhort, I think, I may juſtly ſay, that if 'tis a Miſtake, 'tis a pretty one:

[1] Letter, *p.* 1.

one: It carries the Appearance at leaſt of Truth; it is attired in her Dreſs, *Simplex mundities*: Whereas, if *Ruſticus* has Truth on his ſide, he has moſt ſhamefully us'd and diſguis'd her, and dreſſed her up in all that foul and indecent Language, which is the uſual and proper Dreſs of Calumny, and Falſhood.

As if he was fee'd for all the ill-natured things he could advance, he reckons up, in a ſneering manner, what Advantages Mr. *Wiſe* had, to do juſtice to his Subject. And firſt, he mentions that of being *Cuſtos Archivorum*, [1] *which made him readily conceive his indefatigable Diligence in ſearching into ſo rich a Mine of Antiquity, had led him upon ſome curious Memoirs, which had eſcaped the Obſervation of all his Predeceſſors.* Mr. *Wiſe* has produced an Argument, from one MS. in the *Bodleian* Library, in ſupport of his Situation of *Aſſer's Æſces-dune*, which is of ſo much Conſequence to the Queſtion, that *Ruſticus* ought to have invalidated it, by ſome other MS. or proper Authority; or have refuted it by ſome Argument, before he had ſneer'd at him. Had that Library afforded any other MS. relating to the Queſtion, I believe Mr. *Wiſe's* Diligence would have diſcover'd it, and made a proper Uſe of it. And now we are upon this Head, I wonder *Ruſticus* did not go, and look over the *Welch* MSS. in *Jeſus-College* Library, in ſupport of his Notion of the *White Horſe* being originally *Britiſh*; which if he had done, and had found but a Picture of a Horſe in any MS. there, with his left Leg foremoſt, without underſtanding one Word of the Book, I am poſitive he would have boaſted of his Diſcovery of a curious Memoir, and an authentick Voucher, in proof of his Opinion.

The next Paragraph he ſays, —— [2] *My Expectation was not a little raiſed to ſee a ſhining Inſtance of the great Uſe of Coins and Medals, in determining Doubts in our ancient Hiſtory, and that, by the Benefit of ſuch Aſſiſtance, he had clear'd his Point beyond diſpute.* Poor unfortunate Man! he cannot ſtir a ſtep ſcarcely without betraying his Envy and Ignorance; he will not let any part of Mr. *Wiſe's* Character, or any of his Qualifications, eſcape unattacked, though he expoſes his own Weakneſs and Folly by it. A very ſlender Knowledge of our Antiquities could

[1] Letter, *p.* 1. [2] Ibid.

could not but have informed him, that the *Saxons* had no Medals; that their Coins were not, like the *Roman* Money, hiſtorical; conſequently, it is impoſſible any Help or Aſſiſtance could be gained from them. I am the more ſurprized at this Piece of his Ignorance; becauſe he might eaſily have been better informed by that Part of *Speed*, which he aſſures us he has conſulted, I mean the Pictures.

His next Paragraph ſays, — [1] *Mr.* Wiſe *has moreover, if I am not miſinformed, the Honour to be a Member of a Society expreſsly profeſſing the Science of Antiquity,* ——— *where, we may very well ſuppoſe, the preſent Performance was read with Approbation and Applauſe, before the Publick was favoured with its Appearance.* Well, what then? Why then, he would draw this Inference, that it ought to be look'd upon as the Senſe and Opinion of the whole Society; and then follows another Conſequence, that they are all as impertinent Impoſtors as Mr. *Wiſe*. This is very hard and unkind; for what Society is anſwerable for all the Errors and Miſtakes of every particular Member of it? Let their joint Endeavours promote the Deſign of their Inſtitution; but let the Faults of each Individual be his own. Muſt we go and pull down the College in *Warwick-lane*, if one wicked or blundering Phyſician ſhould haſten a Man's Death? Or would you demoliſh all the Inns of Court, becauſe ſome roguiſh Attorney has deceived you? ——— Sure this is a little too haſty, and yet if he muſt not proceed after this manner, I cannot ſee but all the Antiquaries are ſtill ſafe. For although he ſet out, ſo [2] *Drawcanſir* like, in his Title-Page, (excepting what he endeavours at here by uncertain far-fetched Inferences) he has not advanced one Fact or one Argument againſt them; but only rails on in general Terms.

Here I muſt ask, (becauſe he ſeems to lay great ſtreſs upon what he advances) how it appears, that this Piece was ſent from *Oxford*, to be read in that Society; how he is ſure it had their Approbation and Applauſe? Upon a Review of this Paragraph, it ſeems to be more than ordinarily looſe-jointed in ſeveral Places. *Ruſticus* uſes to be very bold and peremptory; but here he ſays, [3] *If I am not miſinformed*, and then, *we may very well ſuppoſe*. He

[1] Letter, *p.* 2. [2] In the Rehearſal. [3] Vide ubi ſupra, *p.* 2.

He certainly is telling Fibbs, and is ſomewhat mealy-mouth'd; for fear, upon being too poſitive, he ſhould be laſh'd for them. Riſe up, *Ruſticus*, [1] *from lying upon your Back like idle Boys, and fancying you ſee Bulls, and Bears, and Horſes in the Clouds*, and read the printed Liſt of that Society, one of which now lies before me, and that will ſatisfy you, that Mr. *Wiſe* is not a Member of it. The whole Paragraph *is a mere Reverie* [2], *or Fiction of his own Brain*; and therefore he muſt take the Shame to himſelf of a groſs Falſhood, or of being a negligent abuſive Scribler; for not being certain, before he put it into Print, of a Fact, which he might eaſily have been ſatisfied in, and upon which he endeavours to ground a Reflection againſt a worthy Body of Gentlemen. This is moſt lamentable ſetting out, to be convicted of a known Falſhood in the 2d Page, and to have ſuch a laboured Paragraph, and ſuch important Inferences ſpoilt all at once. What other Falſities his Reader may meet with, as he will with many, yet this Truth his Book will convince him of, that what is begun with Falſhood will end in Folly.

I will now preſent the Reader with ſome Expreſſions of his, concerning the Gentleman whom he has taken upon him to refute; which, for Illuſtration's ſake, I will ſet in Contraſt with ſome more of his, relating to the ſame Perſon, to ſhew how conſiſtent this Writer is with himſelf.

In [3] a word, what might we not expect from an Author of Mr. *Wiſe*'s Character in the learned World, poſſeſſed, within his own Sphere, of every Advantage to do Juſtice to his Subject.

An [4] aſſuming Empirick, an arrant Quack in Antiquities, a Fellow of a College, and one that has ſhewn himſelf no Conjurer.

[5] As nothing contributes more to the Sale of a Book, than the Character and Opinion we have of the Writer, I was not long heſitating what I had to do.

[6] Nor can I find he has any Turn for Antiquities, but is a wrong-headed Creature, without Penetration, without Diſcernment.

His

[1] Letter, *p.* 17. [2] Ibid. *p.* 4. [3] Ibid. *p.* 2. [4] Ibid. *p.* 7.
[5] Ibid. *p.* 2. [6] Ibid. *p.* 20.

[1] His elegant and elevated Style, which at preſent bears the bell in our Seats of Learning.

[2] A Reverend Divine, who holds a conſiderable Rank in our chief Seat of Literature.

[3] A Divine, and that of a diſtinguiſh'd Claſs.

[4] His very Manner, Style and Air diſguſt me, what a puffing, and boaſting and vap'ring is here? And all this while, beſide the Cuſhion; I hate a vain, vaunting Prieſt.

[5] And muſt not your Author himſelf be an arrant Shavelin?

At the bottom of the 3d Page, he marches up to the Queſtion, which, to my juſt Surprize, he ſtates thus: *What I* CHIEFLY PROPOSE, *therefore, is to ſhew that our Antiquarian is utterly wrong in his main Point, and that there is no Shadow of Reaſon to conclude, the Sign of the White Horſe on White Horſe Hill, is a Monument of the* Weſt-Saxons. This indeed is Mr. *Wiſe*'s main Point; but ought not to be his. In his Title-Page, what he firſt and chiefly propoſed was, to *diſplay the Impertinence and Impoſture of modern Antiquaries in general*; and therefore that certainly ought firſt and chiefly to be prov'd. May not, therefore, his Friends Words be more juſtly retorted upon his Book; that [6] *'tis a moſt notorious flagrant Impoſture,* [7] *a moſt inſolent Attempt upon the Underſtanding of the Curious*; and, I may add, upon the Purchaſer too, to propoſe in his Title-Page, what he does not even attempt to prove; which conſequently muſt have been deſigned only to raiſe the Expectation of the Publick, and to draw in the Curious and Unwary to lay out a Shilling upon a Parcel of perſonal Abuſe and Scurrility.

I have heard it is a common Practice with Bookſellers, to go to their ingenious Brother *C——l* for a Title, which he has a remarkable Talent at compoſing, to their Advantage: if that be not the Caſe with *Ruſticus*'s Letter, I cannot but earneſtly recommend him to the lower Claſs of Bookſellers, as a worthy Succeſſor to that uſeful Perſon. And as theſe two Offices are not

[1] Letter, *p.* 11. [2] Ibid. *p.* 21. [3] Pref. *p.* 4. [4] Letter, *p.* 2.
[5] Ibid. *p.* 20. [6] Pref. *p.* 4. [7] Ibid. *p.* 16.

not incompatible, I muſt recommend him likewiſe to the Amphitheatres of *Hockley in the Hole* and *Oxford* Road, as a very proper Perſon to write the Challenges of the *Hibernian* Maſters of the noble Science of Defence: In which Compoſitions, as [1] *puffing and vap'ring* are the chief Requiſites, his Diſregard for Truth will be overlooked; for which Employ, conſidering [2] *the Competency of his Style*, I think he is moſt admirably qualified.

——*Terrorum & fraudis abunde eſt.*

If he had deſigned to have ſtuck cloſe to what he propoſed, he ought firſt to have diſproved Mr. *Wiſe*'s Situation of *Æſces-dune*, which, he could not but know, was a main Point, and by which the whole of his Opinion muſt ſtand, or fall. But inſtead of doing this, he only owns his own Ignorance, in ſaying, [3] *where this* Æſces-dune *was, is more than any Man living can tell.* How does he know that? it cannot be *ultra Garamantas & Indos*; it muſt be ſomewhere, not far from *Reding*, becauſe Hiſtorians mention that as the Place, to which the Purſuit reach'd after the Battle. I appeal to all Mankind, whether this is arguing like a Man of any Learning, or any Knowledge of what he is writing of. It would have been juſt the ſame, and full as much to the purpoſe, to have ſaid, Mr. *Wiſe*, I am poſitive you are not right concerning *Æſces-dune*, becauſe I myſelf don't know where it is, and no-body knows, becauſe I don't. ——Indeed, Mr. *Ruſticus*, your [4] *Style often diſguſts me*, but your Logick makes me laugh.

To ſay all he can by way of Contradiction, he brings in Dr. *Talbot* ſaying, *Æſces-dune* is now *Aſhdown* Foreſt in *Suſſex*: which Notion, as he ſeems to adopt, I would have him try to reconcile it, to what *Aſſer* ſays, that the *Saxons* purſued the *Danes* after the Battle (which the *Saxon* Chronicle tells us continued till night) all that night, as far as *Reding*; which is ſcarce leſs than 60 Miles from *Aſhdown* Foreſt. This Specimen of his Chorography ſhews us, that it is not a bit better than his Logick.

As to Bp. *Kennet*'s Opinion, that it is now called *Aſhendon*, in *Buckinghamſhire*; as it is founded chiefly upon finding a *Daniſh* Spur there, which are found in all Parts of *England*, it cannot be of weight enough to invalidate what Mr. *Wiſe* has advanced

[1] Letter, *p.* 21. [2] Pref. *p.* 15. [3] Letter, *p.* 4. [4] Ibid. *p.* 21.

vanced in ſupport of his Notion; beſides, it is ſcarce near enough not to admit of the ſame Objection as the foregoing.

He is then angry with Mr. *Wiſe*, for taking upon him to correct (as he phraſes it) Biſhop *Gibſon*; which, I think I may preſume, is more than his Lordſhip was; ſince no Man of Senſe and Learning is above being corrected, if done by fair Arguments, and with good Manners: A Way of treating the Subject I wiſh *Ruſticus* had obſerved.

As to what he ſays, that Mr. *Wiſe* himſelf was once of the ſame Opinion as his Lordſhip: I cannot ſee how that can be any Reproach. To defend an Opinion with Obſtinacy, when they are better informed, is, by a greater [1] Maſter of Reaſoning than himſelf, deſervedly condemned. When a Perſon has beſtowed more Thought, and an exacter Conſideration on a Subject, than when it only came in his way *en paſſant*, and from thence new Arguments ariſe; to change his Opinion, and endeavour to ſupport it with proper Arguments, is the beſt Proof of an ingenuous Mind, deſirous to improve itſelf and others. I can aſſure him, in regard to himſelf, that if he has not, to uſe his own Words, [2] *a ſtrong and natural Averſion to the Duties of Self-Correction*, there are many things in his Letter, which affording neither Pleaſure nor Improvement, he may change without any loſs of Credit.

[3] In his 6th Page, he produces a formidable Argument, to prove the white Horſe on the Hill was not a Standard or a Monument of the *Weſt-Saxons*, becauſe it differs from all the pretty Pictures he has ſeen; from whence he draws moſt of his Erudition and Arguments. Prepare, Reader, for the next Sentence; 'tis an irreſiſtible one!

Hector adeſt, ſecumque Deos in prælia ducit.

Our Hiſtorians, Antiquaries, Genealogiſts, and Heralds, ſuch as Ferrers, Verſtegan, Sammes, Speed, Heylin, Gibſon, *do all, to a Man, repreſent the* Saxon *Horſe as Rampant, bearing to the left with his right Leg forward: Whereas this ſame upon the Hill is a Galloper, going off to the right, with his wrong Leg before. There is ſcarce one of this low Claſs of Fellows*

[1] Noſque ipſos redargui refellique patiamur: Quod ii ferunt iniquo animo qui certis quibuſdam deſtinatiſque ſententiis quaſi addicti & conſecrati ſunt, eaque neceſſitate conſtricti, ut qui non probare ſoleant, ea cogantur Conſtantiæ cauſa defendere.

CICERO, *Tuſcul. Quæſt. Lib.* II.

[2] Letter, *p.* 5. [3] Ibid. *p.* 6.

Fellows (Sign-Poſt Dawbers) but has a Notion how little a Variation in a Coat alters the Property of it, and makes it no more belong to this or that Family. To all which a plain ſatisfactory Anſwer ſhall be given. Firſt, as to all thoſe Authors, whom he brings in ſo pompous a manner to his Aſſiſtance, he ought to know, that what they can deliver upon that Point is only at ſecond-hand; that they muſt go to coæval Writers for any Certainty concerning the *Saxons:* Which if he had done, and produced any one ancient Author in contradiction to the *Berkſhire* Horſe, he had done ſomething: but that was a Work of Learning and Labour to attempt, and required a better Head than what amuſes itſelf with Pictures. Secondly, As for the little Variations in a Coat, which he lays ſo much ſtreſs upon, as neceſſarily altering the Property of it: I muſt inform his Ignorance, that Antiquity knew nothing of them; that they did not take place till after the Time of the Holy War, in our King *Richard* I's Reign; when the Uſe of Arms became more general: from which time, by degrees, Neceſſity, and nothing elſe, introduced thoſe little Diſtinctions. That King himſelf, as we are aſſured by an authentick Voucher, his Broad-Seals[1], bore two Lions Combatant, as well as three Lions[2] Paſſant: So that his ſhrewd Argument is plainly ſeen to proceed from Ignorance.

If the *Saxon* Horſe was rampant, as he urges from the Pictures in the Authors before-mentioned; then, according to his own Argument, his preſent Majeſty's Arms, as deſcending from the Houſe of *Saxony*, ought to expreſs it ſo. One of theſe, by his own way of Reaſoning, muſt be wrong: As he will not ſuppoſe the latter, becauſe he makes it ſo great a Crime in Mr. *Wiſe*; then the firſt muſt, and conſequently he has deſtroyed his own Authorities. I will give him a good-natured Lift out of this ſad Dilemma, by repeating, that Antiquity did not obſerve theſe ſmall Variations as we do; becauſe he had none of our Reaſons to do ſo.

The next Sentence I ſhall remark, I will give in his own Words at length, for 'tis a pity it ſhould be ſpoiled.——[3] *The more we conſider it, the more notorious ſtill will appear the Uncorrectneſs, Impropriety and Fallaciouſneſs of our Author's Aſſertion.—No one can be ignorant, that a Horſe was the Standard which the* Saxons *uſed, both before and after their coming hither:*——

 Why,

[1] *Speed*'s Hiſtory, 3d Edit. *p.* 515. [2] Ibid. *p.* 525. [3] Letter, *p.* 7.

Why, yes, ſurely many a one may be ignorant of all this, and more too, and yet be an honeſt Man for all that, and never the worſe Chriſtian neither, or the Lord have mercy on our Author. Was ever any thing more mean and puerile! A Boy at *Weſtminſter* School, of fifteen Years old, would deſervedly have had a good laſhing for ſuch a Sentence. The next Edition *Ruſticus* gives us of his Letter, he muſt, for the Information of his Readers, do as ſome of the Sign-poſt Dawbers are forced to do, write under what is deſigned: for this Sentence, I ſuppoſe, was deſigned as a Piece of Wit or Criticiſm; but no-body can conceive which. Was he afraid that any of Mr. *Wiſe*'s Readers ſhould take the Expreſſion, *no one*, in a ſtrict Senſe, that he is ſo careful of their Underſtanding, as to expoſe his own?

He makes a true, and, he imagines, a ſhrewd Obſervation, that [1] *a Man may be ignorant of this and more too, and yet be an honeſt Man.* Upon which I muſt ask him, ſince one Man may be ignorant of it and yet honeſt, how another can be wicked for his Opinion concerning it; eſpecially as he makes it no Article of Faith, but a Matter of Curioſity only, and relates his Thoughts of it, for you to believe, or disbelieve, as you pleaſe? Sure this is a ſtrange Contradiction! Certainly I may think how I will on ſuch a Subject, as I may be ſafely ignorant of; notwithſtanding which, Mr. *Wiſe*'s Eſſay is call'd a *wicked Performance*, and he muſt be abuſed for it.

In Page 8th he ſays, *The learned Editor of* Chronicon Saxonicum, *who, I preſume, may be conſulted upon what Authorities he went, has given us at the End, a Map of the ſeven Kingdoms, diſtinguiſhed by their ſeveral Arms.* As his Lordſhip muſt be eſteemed an Antiquary, and a *modern* one too, being yet, thank God, living; *Ruſticus* ought to have recollected, whether, after ſuch general Calumny, as his Title-Page, he of all Men living ought not to have preſumed to refer us to his Lordſhip for Information: A Piece of Preſumption at the beſt; but with ſuch Circumſtances entirely unpardonable. The Diſpute is his own, and therefore whatever Opinion he adopts and brings upon the Carpet, he is in juſtice to ſupport, and not refer us to others for Confirmation; or elſe he puts his Readers upon an endleſs or invidious Task, either to go backwards and forwards for Satisfaction,

[1] Letter, *p.* 7.

Satisfaction, or to ſet down and queſtion the Opinions he borrows. In that Map the Arms of the *Northumbrian* Kingdom are a Lion; which *Heylin* is more particular in blazoning: Az. a Lion Rampant Arg. *Speed* makes the Arms of that Kingdom, Argent Paly of ſix Gules. Neither of which ſeems to be right; for *Bede*, ſpeaking of *Oſwald* King of *Northumberland*'s Banner, at *Beardney-Abbey*, ſays it was [1] *ex auro & purpura compoſitum.*

As to what he ſays concerning K. *Alfred*'s Arms upon *Kempſford* Tower in *Glouceſterſhire*, it is of no weight. The Words in *Atkins*'s Hiſtory of *Glouceſterſhire* are theſe: —— [2] *There are* 4 *Coats of Arms in the* 4 *Corners,* 1 *the Earl of* Glouceſter, 2 *K.* Alfred. 3 *the Duke of* Lancaſter, 4 *a Plantlet in a Border.* Now, 'tis plain, this lower cannot be older than about 1350, for *Henry*, the firſt Duke of *Lancaſter*, ſucceeded to his Father, who was only Earl, in 1345. ſo that it is of too late Date by far to determine the Point in queſtion.

As to his Wiſh, that [3] *the Horſe of* Stocks-market *might be privately buried under ſome* Barrow *in* Aſhdown, *to be dug up in due Seaſon, for the Honour of K.* Alfred, *and the Exercitations of future Antiquaries:* If he means a Jeſt, it is both ſilly and impertinent; if he is in earneſt, he would outdo not only the Impoſtures of the modern Antiquaries, but even thoſe of the famous *Annius* himſelf. Could he intail his own moſt acute Judgment, and curious Notions upon his Deſcendants; was another *Ruſticus* to ariſe (as profound as the preſent who talks of *Saxon* [4] Medals) juſt when this Horſe ſhould happen to be dug up, the Impoſition might very probably with him take place; and did it go with its wrong Leg forward, he would certainly pronounce it to be ſome *Britiſh* Hero, and his Horſe, to be found in *Geoffry* of *Monmouth.*

The Witticiſms he plays off upon the Expreſſion, [5] ÆS IMMORTALE, are ridiculous, becauſe falſe: for no Wit can be good, which is not founded upon Truth. In what ſhape can he pretend Mr. *Wiſe has,* [6] *by virtue of that, impoſed upon the greateſt Maſter*

[1] Hiſtor. Eccleſ. lib. 3. c. 11. [2] Page 492. of that Hiſtory. [3] Letter, *p.* 15.

[4] He does not indeed expreſsly mention *Saxon* Medals; but he muſt mean ſuch, or be guilty of a greater Piece of abſurd Ignorance, if poſſible, to ſuppoſe that Mr. *Wiſe*'s Subject, which was entirely *Saxon*, could receive any Illuſtration from the *Roman* or *Greek* Medals; or that they could be of any ſervice in determining Doubts in our ancient Hiſtory of that Age to which Mr. *Wiſe*, in his Title-Page, referr'd the Original of the *White Horſe.* [5] Letter, *p.* 16. [6] Ibid.

Maſter of Learning, the preſent Age can boaſt of, nay upon the whole Society of Antiquaries? I need not take up any of the Reader's Time to anſwer this, ſince I have convicted him before, (Page 23, of this Book) of the ſame groſs Falſhood, expreſs'd in other Words. I ſhall only obſerve, I never met with a Writer more unfortunate in his Aſſertions; for he has ſaid more, in this one Sentence, in refutation of himſelf, than all his whole Letter is of Mr. *Wiſe*. According to his Title-Page, the whole [1]*growing Sect* of modern Antiquaries are *impertinent Impoſtors*; and here, behold his Inconſiſtency! the Society, which is well known to conſiſt of a number of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of them, and, according to his firſt Aſſertion, the greateſt Impoſtors, are here repreſented as DECEIVED themſelves, not DECEIVERS; the Perſons impoſed on, and Mr. *Wiſe* the ſole Impoſtor.

How can he have the Aſſurance to tell ſuch a bare-faced Falſhood, as every Man, who has ſeen the Print, can, upon firſt ſight, convict of, in ſaying, 2dly. *by* [2] *virtue of this ſame wonderful Preparation* (meaning the Expreſſion *Æs immortale*) *he has not only inſinuated himſelf into the good Graces of a certain Nobleman, ſo far as to obtain a handſome Piece of Plate from him*, &c? ſince every one who reads the Inſcription, of which thoſe Words are part, muſt be ſatisfied it was ſubſequent to the Preſent of the Copper-plate, and wrote upon that account.

As to his third Article of Accuſation againſt Mr. *Wiſe*: could his Folly have foreſeen Conſequences, he might have been ſenſible it was full as chargeable againſt himſelf, as that Gentleman. The Words of it are, [3] *Nor has he bluſh'd to project an Alteration in the Arms of the preſent Royal Family*. The Reader will deſire to know how. Why thus: Mr. *Wiſe* obſerves, the preſent Royal Family bear an Horſe in their Arms, as deſcending from the Ducal Houſe of *Saxony*: *If therefore any Diſputes ſhould ariſe among Heralds about theſe different Ways of Bearings of the Horſe; as likewiſe whether he ought to be current from the dexter Part, or the ſiniſter; I think, till ſome other more ancient Record ſhall be produced, they may be fairly determined by this authentick one of* 867 *Years ſtanding*. Now the Reader is deſired to obſerve, that the white Horſe Mr. *Wiſe* ſpeaks of, [4] *is a Galloper going off to the right with his wrong Leg*

[1] Pref. *p.* 15. [2] Letter, *p.* 16. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. *p*, 6.

Leg before. Whereas the preſent Bearing of the Horſe in his Majeſty's Arms, is a Galloper, but going off the other way, *viz.* from right to left. Having thus fully ſtated and explained the Accuſation, I ſhall, in anſwering it, prove, that it is, as I juſt now obſerved, full as chargeable againſt himſelf as Mr. *Wiſe*. If the Arms, which the ancient *Saxons* bore, are any ways to determine the preſent Bearings of the Deſcendants from that illuſtrious Houſe, (and if not, then all Mr. *Wiſe* has ſaid, and all that can be inferred from him, muſt go for nothing) it muſt be undeniable, that *Ruſticus* has projected as great an Alteration, as Mr. *Wiſe*; ſince a Horſe rampant, which he, from his Tribe of Authors, endeavours to prove was the Arms of the ancient *Saxons*, is evidently more different from a Horſe galloping from right to left, than one galloping from left to right. Both Bearings of the Horſe, *viz.* Rampant, as in *Speed*, and galloping from right to left, cannot poſſibly, according to his own way of arguing, be right; both which he ſuppoſes to be ſo: So that here we have *Philalethes* againſt *Ruſticus*, and *Ruſticus* againſt *Philalethes*, a thing which might prove of no good Conſequence, if the Author was of any Reputation in the Republick of Letters. His 4th Article is extremely ridiculous; for how could the Chriſtian Æra be in any danger of being ſupplanted, by the Inhabitants of a few adjacent Villages coming to ſcour the Horſe, and inſtituting any Diverſions at that Seaſon, and their making uſe, at that particular Place, of a new Computation?

Being thoroughly reſolved to omit no Method or Invention that may help him to make Mr. *Wiſe* and his Performance ridiculous, he has introduced new and foreign Characters; that, under the Coverture of them, he may vent more Abuſe and Defamation, than would have been ſupportable from one Man's Mouth. I have already ſhewn, that his own Words are very applicable to himſelf, and his own Day-dreams; and he is reſolved to ſhew his Friend has an equal Title to them; [1] *that 'tis much to be feared the poor Gentleman is touched in his Head, and ſubject to the Deluſion of a diſordered or childiſh Imagination: As idle Boys lie on their Backs, and fancy they ſee Bulls and Bears, and Horſes in the Clouds:* For what but ſuch a wild Imagination could ſee *a* [2] *Tory Prieſt promoting the Intereſt of the*

[1] Letter. *p.* 17. [2] Ibid. Line 12.

the Pretender, in a Letter concerning ſo remote a Subject as the *Berkſhire* white Horſe. The next News I expect to hear of *this* [1] *Perſon of very curious and extenſive Reading*, and moſt *acute Judgment in the fineſt Parts of Literature*; is, that he is ſet up for a modern Free-thinker; for I am poſitive, after the ſame manner, he could prove againſt Revelation, and a Deity too, from any Text of Scripture.

The next Paragraph begins: [2] *I have heard a Bird ſing, the firſt Scouring was to have been upon a certain Seceſſion of late.* To which the old *Engliſh* Proverb will be a very good Anſwer: *As the Fool thinks, ſo the Bell tinks.* They who can form, or give any heed to, ſuch ridiculous Suggeſtions, ſuch malicious foreign Inſinuations, are not capable of being reaſoned with.

This being not Defamation enough; he ſays, in the next Page, [3] *between ſuch a Tory Prieſt and a Popiſh one, your ſubtle Logicians perhaps may coin ſome nice Diſtinction, but they muſt have better Eyes than mine that can ſee a Difference.* A bad Pair of Eyes may ſee, that this Writer's Tongue and Heart are very evil; for what can be a greater Injury, or viler Injuſtice, than for a Man, who lies hid in the dark, to defame another with Inſinuation, or rather the direct Charge, of what may ſubject him to the ſevereſt Cenſure of the Laws of his Country?

His ſilly, ill-applied Jeſt, at the bottom of his 18th Page, cannot detract any thing from the due Praiſe of that *old* Saxon *Monarch*, as, in a contemptuous manner, he calls King *Alfred*; whoſe Life, by Sir *John Spelman*, let him read, and ſhew me a greater Hero, all Circumſtances duly conſidered, in the whole *Engliſh* Hiſtory.

His cenſuring Mr. *Wiſe*, [4] for *not edging in one good Word for the Prince now on the Throne*, may reflect upon his own Senſe and Underſtanding; but cannot upon that Gentleman's Loyalty: For ſure a Man muſt have a mean Opinion of the Government he lives under, to think it muſt by every Writer, with or without Connection with his Subject, upon every turn, be loaded with fulſome Adulations; ſince a Compliment, lugged in Head and Shoulders, ſtands, in every Man's Opinion, much ſuſpected, and is looked upon as but little better than a bad Word.

I cannot ſee how *Mr.* Wiſe [5] *robs the brave King* Ethelred *of his Victory*

[1] Letter, *p.* 17. [2] Ibid. ad imum. [3] Lett. *p.* 17. [4] Ibid. *p.* 18. [5] Ibid. *p.* 19.

Victory at Aſhdown, as is aſſerted: For it is manifeſt, from the Conſent of all Hiſtorians, that the valiant *Alfred* (to whom that Half of the Army which was deſign'd to encounter, and did, with that Part of the *Danes* commanded by their Counts) although he did not gain an entire Victory, but was hard preſs'd by Inequality of Numbers, till his Brother came up with his Part; had ſo broken the Strength and Fury of the *Danes*, that when the King came, he had little more to do than to reap the Fruits of *Alfred's* Valour, and take the ſprouting Laurels from his Head.

After this he indecently quarrels with Mr. *Wiſe*, for ſaying, [1] *It does not appear from* Aſſer, *that the King was at all concerned in the Action, more than by his Prayers: Here, by the way,* (ſays *Ruſticus* or his Friend) *is a rare Divine indeed! as if Prayers ſignified nothing in time of Action! a fine Sneer at Devotion truly!* When a Man is ſtrongly poſſeſſed with the Spirit of cavilling, nothing can be ſo unexceptionably expreſſed, as not to be found fault with: It is of ſo active and reſtleſs a Nature, that rather than lie ſtill, it will make direct Contradictions ſpeak the ſame. A flagrant Inſtance we have now before us; for, 'tis evident, Mr. *Wiſe's* Words ſpeak the direct contrary to what *Ruſticus* repreſents: He ſays, *The King was concerned by his Prayers, and by nothing more,* which is far from repreſenting them as unavailable.

This Sentence requires a great deal of Charity, not to make us conclude, that the Author of it wants common Senſe, or common Honeſty: If he had the firſt, he could not ſo groſſly miſunderſtand it; and nothing but want of the latter could ſo unjuſtly miſrepreſent it.

He goes on: [2] *Did he never hear, that whilſt the Hands of* Moſes *were held up* Iſrael *prevail'd? Ruſticus* has meddled with but two Pieces of Scripture; one in the Preface, and this: which has been to no other purpoſe, but to betray his Ignorance. If he had turned to *Exodus*, Chap. xvii. where the Piece of Hiſtory, he refers to, is related; he would have found, in Verſe 9th, that *Moſes ſaid to-morrow,* (the Day of Battle with *Amalek*) *I will ſtand on the top of the Hill with the Rod of God in mine Hand.* From which *Piſcator* and *Rivetus*, two learned Commentators, deduce theſe juſt Remarks on the following Words: —— [3] *And it came to paſs, that when* Moſes *held up his Hand,* Iſrael *prevailed.*—— *This was not the Geſture of a Man in Prayer, but of a Standard-bearer; for he might be more vehemently affected in Prayer, when his Geſture was more eaſy and remiſs. But he held up the Rod of God*

[1] Letter, *p.* 19. [2] Ubi ſupra. [3] Apud oli Synop. Crit. ad loc um.

God in his Hands, as Enſign-bearers do; to put the People in mind of the divine Power, and the wonders God had already wrought by that Rod.

I cannot diſmiſs this Particular, without giving our Author a neceſſary Caution and Admonition; never for the future to meddle with Texts of Scripture, as being too important and ſacred for him to handle; for he is of ſo ridiculous a Genius, or born under ſo unlucky a Planet, that every thing comes the worſe out of his hands; either takes a wrong turn, or grows ridiculous, as if it was not in his Power or Nature to be ſerious and decent.

Next Page, he ſays,—[1] *I tell you once more, I don't like your Tory Prieſt.*—'Tis plain you do not: But why? Has he already, or is he likely to ſtep into ſome Preferment, which you eagerly looked for; and for which (to uſe your own Expreſſion) [2] *you may gape till your Jaws ake?* The Spleen and Envy expreſſed in every Page, might induce us to think ſo. The only Reaſon to the contrary is, that it is no ways credible, where true Merit is ſo exactly diſtinguiſhed, ſuch a Trifler can ever pretend to be a Competitor againſt Mr. *Wiſe*. I will gueſs no farther; for it can be no Pleaſure or Profit to diſcover the Motive of ſuch indefenſible Behaviour.

The abuſive Expreſſion in his 21ſt Page, I have already taken ſome notice of: though the propereſt Anſwer to ſuch Scurrility is Silence.

His ludicrous quaint Propoſal, which he mentions with ſo much Fondneſs at the bottom of the ſame Page, which ſeems to be the Underplot of his whole Drama, might ſerve well enough for once to raiſe a Horſe-laugh among Freſhmen over a Can of College-Ale; but is by far too puerile and ſilly to be put into Print.

Now, a new and ſurprizing Scene of Learning opens, full of curious Notions and pretty Fancies; the firſt of which he expreſſes thus: —[3] *Might I therefore put in my* FANCY *among the reſt, I ſhould imagine, that if the Horſe was a Standard or Banner, it was a* Britiſh *one. And this Conjecture would be ſtrengthned alſo, by the Figure and Poſture of the Horſe, in every Circumſtance; which are exactly the ſame with what we may obſerve upon* SOME Britiſh *Coins in* Speed.—*This was the Reaſon I obſerved, that tho' the Horſe did ſet his wrong Leg forward, a good Uſe might one time or other be made of it.* Which wild Fancy and childiſh Arguments need no Refutation: But, to give his Readers full Satisfaction, I will beſtow a few Words on them.

Firſt:

[1] Letter, *p.* 20. [2] Ibid. *p.* 17. ad imum. [3] Ibid. *p.* 22.

Firſt: The White Horſe cannot be ſuppoſed to have been made by the ancient *Britons*; becauſe a Work of this kind would certainly have been deſtroyed by their avowed Enemies, the *Romans*: one of whoſe great Works, the *Icknild* Way, paſſes juſt by it.

Secondly: As it is very certain there were Lands held by the Tenure and Obligation of annually repairing it, (though now loſt) ſuch Tenure, and all Traces of Remembrance of it (had it begun among the *Britons*) would long-ſince have been obliterated by the conquering *Romans*. Whereas, 'tis well known, ſuch Tenures were frequent among the *Saxons* (than whom no Manors or Tenures are more ancient) and therefore the Original of the Work and the Tenure can be no older.

Thirdly: There are two Coins in *Speed*, ſeven in Mr. *Walker's* Tables, five I lately ſaw in a private Collection, and a Gold one in my own Poſſeſſion, whereon the Horſe's right Leg is forward, *i. e.* contrary to what he mentions, and therefore no Argument can be drawn from the Similitude of Poſture which he ſpeaks of.

Fourthly: His Notion, grounded upon the Horſe's left Leg being forward, is owing to his Ignorance in deſigning and drawing. A Horſe galloping from left to right, muſt, according to the Rules of drawing, be expreſſed ſo: As he may ſee, to give him a Proof ſuitable to his Apprehenſion, in all the Sculptures in *Speed*, of our Kings Broad Seals. But perhaps he, in his profound Wiſdom, will pretend to argue, that all the Royal Horſes were wrong-legged, as he has proved himſelf wrong-headed.

Laſtly: His favourite determining Author, *Geoffry* of *Monmouth*, aſſerts, lib. 10. cap. 8. that the *Britons* bore an Eagle *pro Vexillo*.

This, I believe, is enough to take off the Edge of *that* [1] *cutting* Conſideration he mentions, *of Mr.* Wiſe's *being out-done by one who is no Profeſſor*. As he has been pleaſed to entertain us in his Preface, with a Quotation out of *Tully*, I will now repay it, by making him a Preſent of another, which is very pertinent on this occaſion, and worthy his Conſideration. —— *Mandare quenquam literis cogitationes ſuas, qui eas nec diſponere, nec illuſtrare poſſit, nec delectatione aliqua allicere lectorem, hominis eſt intemperanter abutentis & otio, & literis.* Tuſcul. Diſput. Lib. 1.

The Author himſelf prevented the Neceſſity of any Anſwer to his inconſiſtent Fancy, by ſhewing that he is conſcious of the Folly of it, which he does by advancing another, equally ridiculous. After *all*, ſays he, [2] *'tis very poſſible the Horſe might be originally no more than*

[1] Letter, *p.* 23. [2] In Pag. ead.

than a Luſus Paſtorum; *a Fancy* (he deals mightily in Fancies) *of the neighbouring Shepherds, to divert themſelves at their leiſure Hours. For ſhame*, Ruſticus, never more talk of [1] *idle Boys, lying upon their Back, and fancying they ſee Horſes in the Clouds*, this ſurpaſſes all their Imaginations, or thoſe of an old Woman of what ſhe ſees in the Fire in a Winter-night! Recollect what you tell your Reader, *p.* 13. *that from the Ears of this Horſe to his Withers are* 150 *Feet.* What a ſtrong but childiſh Imagination, and weak Judgment muſt you have, to fancy, that ſuch a Work, [2] *the Dimenſions of which extend over an Acre of Ground*, could be executed by Shepherds, by way of Diverſion at their leiſure Hours, in a Country where I have rode ten Miles, and not ſeen a Dozen of them!

But let us ſuppoſe ſome Projector, of as romantick a Genius as our Author, had, by ranſacking the Plains of *Arcadia*, found Shepherds enough: Let *Ruſticus* after this explain, how the Obligation, which Tradition reports was upon ſome neighbouring Lands to the annual ſcouring of it, could ever commence. The Truth of which Tradition receives great Confirmation by what the learned [3] *Dugdale* poſitively affirms, concerning an Obligation upon a Freeholder in the Manor of *Tyſoe* in *Warwickſhire*, to repair the Red Horſe. Which plainly evinces, that Mr. *Camden* had not ſufficiently conſidered the Antiquity and Circumſtances of it, when he ſaid it *was made by the Country People*; but that *it was a publick Monument, firſt made with a View to ſome publick Action.*

Whatever Opinion the Reader ſhall think fit to entertain of its Original, it is certainly a Work of great Antiquity. In an Age, when neither ſuch Works, nor Inquiries concerning them were produced, it is mentioned as a well-known Monument; as is evident from the following Record, for which I am beholden to a Perſon, whoſe Friendſhip I ſhall ever honour and eſteem.

Oxon. Books. } Clauſ. 42 *Edward* 3. m. 6. dorſo.

Gerard de L'Iſle tient en *Kyngeſton* en la Vale de WHITE HORSE 1 fee.

Let us return to poor *Ruſticus*, who, one would think, like a Bird in a Bell-cage, imagined that every Jump he takes makes Muſick; for he has jumped away from his *Luſus Paſtorum*, to another Fancy, that 'tis— *a* [4] Trojan *Horſe*, and ſo jingles on,—*Why ſhould not*

[1] Letter, *p.* 17. [2] *Wiſe*'s Letter, *p.* 24. [3] Hiſt. of *Warwickſhire*, *p.* 422. [4] Letter, *p.* 23.

not this Thought lead us back to our Trojan *Anceſtors? This would be retrieving a Point of Antiquity indeed.* Geoffry *of* Monmouth *is very clear in this* MOST NOBLE PEDIGREE *of his Countrymen.* He tells us, Page 7. that *Mr.* Wiſe *is no Conjurer.* I am afraid to ſay ſo of *Ruſticus*; for, if he is not ſo already, with a little more reading of *Geoffry*, I don't know what he may be. Whenever he fully retrieves this Point of Antiquity, he may ſet up in the Country for a white Witch or a black one, which he will, and find ſtray'd Colts. Though, after all, I greatly doubt whether this Notion is all his own; but ſuſpect that ſome of it is owing to his Friend, the [1] *ſtanch old Whig, that Perſon of very curious and extenſive Reading, and moſt acute Judgment in the fineſt Parts of Literature.* None but ſuch a quick-ſighted Perſon, who could once ſee the white Horſe [2] *promoting the Intereſt of the Pretender*, could have hit on ſuch a Diſcovery, been able to [3] *retrieve ſuch a Point of Antiquity*, or is qualified to explain how the Pedigree of the *Britons* can be moſt Noble, if deſcended from a Pack of Fugitives, who defended an Adultereſs and her Paramour, to the Ruin of their native City.

It is far more agreeable to common Senſe to believe, that the remaining *Trojans* would rather have tried to loſe all manner of Remembrance of the Horſe that compleated their Ruin, than perpetuate it by ſuch a Monument. The *Romans*, whoſe Deſcent from them is better confirmed (though one of their beſt Hiſtorians ſays, that theſe Stories were *haut procul fabulis*, TACIT. Annal. lib. 12.) than that of the *Britons*, retained nothing like it in their *Ludi Trojani*, where we might moſt expect to find ſome ſuch Remembrance: As *Ruſticus* may be ſatisfied by reading *Virgil*'s Deſcription of them, in the 5th Book of his *Æneis*.

One great Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why he imagined it was a *Trojan* Horſe, was the Magnitude of it; for that which carried the *Greeks* into *Troy*, muſt certainly be pretty large: Though if it was as large as the *Berkſhire* Horſe, they muſt have had ſome Engines to move it with, which the preſent Age is not wiſe enough to know of. After all, I do not think but I can help him to a Hint, out of his favourite Author *Geoffry* of *Monmouth*, which can account for his Size, and preſerve his MOST NOBLE PEDIGREE ſtill *Britiſh*. That Author aſſures us, that the prodigious ponderous Stones, which form *Stonehenge*, were brought by *Merlin* out of *Ireland:* he ſays indeed, by Conjuration

[1] Letter, *p.* 17. [2] Pag. ead. [3] Letter, *p.* 23. [4] In ead. Pag.

Conjuration and Art Magick; but that was only a Blind to the Vulgar, to conceal the true Way. Now, as great Weights muſt have great Horſes, who dares to ſay they were not brought thither by ſome Horſe buried under the *Berkſhire* White Horſe, and of which it is the Dimenſions and Monument? I will not be too explicit upon this Opinion, or in our Author's Words, [1] *I ſhall not be too poſitive or preſſing in the Caſe*; but leave what Arguments may be brought in proof of it untouched, for *Ruſticus* and his Aſſociates, the Prefacer and the ſtanch old Whig, to hammer out into another Twelve-penny Pamphlet. And I will venture to aſſure him, no modern Antiquary in *England* will be ſo impertinent as to write againſt them.

I cannot take my leave of this Author, without admoniſhing him in his Friend's Words, [2] *to make a little more Conſcience for the future, what he offers to the Publick*; not to ſet up as a Judge and a Critick in a Profeſſion, as he abſurdly calls it, of which he is entirely ignorant; to look deeper into Authors for the future, than the Pictures; not to try to refute a well-wrote Piece by Abuſe and Scurrility: but anſwer Argument by Argument, like a Gentleman and a Scholar; if he pretends to be either: not to pretend to interpret Texts of Scripture: And laſtly, not to venture into Print again, till he can produce ſomething to which he ſhall not be aſhamed to prefix his Name.

If after this, he ſhall make any Objection to my concealing my Name; whenever he thinks fit to favour the Publick with his, I do aſſure him I will not be behind-hand with him; but mine ſhall be at his ſervice.

[1] Letter, *p.* 23. [2] Pref. *p.* 9.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 4. Line 30. for *the awkward*, read *an awkward*. Ibid. Line 36. for *out*, read *but*. Page 11 Line 22 for *into* read *in to*. Page 13. Line 4. for *tnat* read *that*. Page 14. Line 14. for *their writers*, read *their own writers*. Page 16. Line 19. for *impertinent*, read *Impertinence*. Page 17. Line 4. for *up*, read *upon*. Page 21. Line 2. for *mundities*, read *munditiis*. Page 26. in the note at bottom of laſt Line, for *ut qui*, read *ut etiam quæ*. Page 27. Line 32. for *he*, read *it*. Page 29. Line 13. for *lower*, read *Tower*. Page 30. Line 17. for *convict of*, read *convict him of*. Page 32. Line 21. for *with Inſinuation*, read *with the Inſinuation*.